

# HITTING THE LINE FOR OLD ALMA MATER



Millions Derived  
by Collegiate  
Institutions From  
Football Teams  
On the Gridiron  
Transcend in  
Magnitude  
the Benefac-  
tions of Phil-  
anthropists  
of the Rock-  
efeller, Sage  
and Carnegie  
Type.



Kelly, Notre Dame.

## Hitting the line.

BY BILLY MURPHY.

Foreigners say we live rapidly. We do, both in regard to business and to pleasure.

Gladly do we hang in suspense over three men on the sacks, two out and "three and two" on the hit.

But baseball does not live the year through.

Ergo, comes the time when we want more strenuously. Excitement, blood, gore and broken bones. If need be, but give us some outlet for our pent-up enthusiasm and, above all, give us a chance to root.

So the gates are thrown wide open in football. The gridiron teams are called forth to pacify us.

The college athletic system is a succession of marvels.

It usually begins with a \$500,000 gymnasium and a swimming pool that costs a fortune. An adjunct to the gymnasium is the training house. Then there is always the stadium, capable of seating 25,000 enthusiasts, rooters, friends, enemies and their friends and their friends' friends.

If you haven't \$2 with you, they will take \$1.50 or 50 cents—or even 75 cents.

Football—and that is what we are talking about—is the money-making sport in a university.

Take a report of last season. The treasurer's statement gave the net receipts from the college game as \$57,064.40.

This was not the biggest, nor the greatest university, but one of which might be denominated as belonging to the secondary class.

Oh, it is a great game for the colleges—in football. If the receipts from the gridiron sport were piled up, year after year, they would transcend in magnitude the benefactions of philanthropists of the Carnegie, Sage, Rockefeller and Draper types.

## Football Is Big School Philanthropist.

Football is the dyed-in-the-wool philanthropist to the big universities.

It's a great game, anyway. For how much of its susceptibility the October and November skies are themselves responsible is conjecture.

On such afternoons as our American autumn affords, when even to sit and shiver is pleasure, the mob enjoys the exhilaration of the vital breeze, the tang of which is pleasantly recalled in subsequent days in steam-heated office and flat.

All that the old Alma Mater stood for seems to be embodied in the eleven giants fighting for its fame and name. Our men, we are convinced, represent what is best in American life; as for the others, they are manifestly the product of wrong social and moral circumstances.

Only through exercise of considerable self-restraint do we refrain from calling them "muckers" before the game starts; during its progress we are not accountable for language or acts.

Above all, that Alma Mater sentiment is incarnate in the football crowd.

It may be Luke Kelly, the former Notre Dame star, now the great coach at the Christian Brothers' college in St. Louis, who is of our eleven; maybe it is Tony Stadther, now at Washington State, perhaps Johnny Magner of Georgetown, whose exhibition of robust manhood is delightful us.

On the three-yard line a fierce stand keeps the ball stationary for two hopeful minutes.

Frank Acker of the University of Nebraska drops back for a kick.

The ball is passed.

Left End Harvey and Right End Patton have dropped back for the kick. Right Tackle Chaloupka, the great Western star, is waiting.

Acker Shatters Nebraska With 50-Yard Plunge.

A blinding flash hurtles through Harvey, Collins, Ewing and the rest of the Nebraska line. The Cornhuskers, bewildered, are shattered like a paper hoop.

Frank Acker, the greatest half-

back that ever lived, failed to kick. Instead, he shot through Nebraska from behind his own line for a 50-yard gain.

The crowd is frantic. Listen to the song ringing over the gridiron:

O, how he ran! O, how he ran!

O, how he ran right through, right through!

O, how he ran! O, how he ran!

For he ran for St. L. U.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! White Blue! Rah-Hoo! White Blue! Right Through! S. T. L. U.

It is too early in the season to analyze the autumn prospects in the football world. The coaches for the most part have not decided upon their players' programmes.

Another careful revision has been made of the rules, with a view to minimizing the perils of the game.

This object is undoubtedly a worthy one, well deserving of public approval, but the prevailing sentiment seems to be that the committee which had these rules in charge, again went a step too far and erred on the side of too great precaution.

Whether this is a true explanation, the fact remains that the game as played last year did prove disappointing to many persons, particularly old-time players and coaches, who are undoubtedly the best judges of the fitness of the rules.

The danger was doubtless lessened, but it is a question whether the same result could not have been accomplished without so completely revolutionizing the game.

The same widespread sentiment that football is a brutal game seems still prevalent in spite of the campaign against it.

Along this line it is interesting to



Maguire, St. Louis U.

muscles to play it, but it is not dangerous.

Johnny Magner, who was one of Georgetown's greatest halfbacks, said:

"I have never found football a hazardous sport. But I have been injured several times playing baseball."

The writer had a chat a few weeks ago with Luke Kelly, who is known throughout the United States as one of the greatest football directors in the country.

"The coach has a constant problem to sort out a suitable team," said Kelly.

"The war of the candidates for a position on the first team is being waged always before his eyes. It rests with the coach to pick out from this mass of students those men who are fitted for the various positions on the team."

"It follows, then, that he must be absolutely accurate in recognizing those qualifications which go to make a good football player."

"In my opinion those qualifications are much as follows. The football star must first of all have speed. This does not apply so much to certain positions on the line, but it is applicable to the backfield and the ends. Second, the player must have strength."

"Football is a vigorous game. It demands sinew and muscle, stamina, endurance, brains and nerve."

"A player like Harry Ratican, a great all-round athlete, possesses every one of these qualifications that is the reason he is one of the greatest halfbacks in the game."

Old-Time Heroes Never Will Be Forgotten.

No discussion of football is ever complete without a word on the old-time players.

There is a certain distinction in ancient events which throws a glamor around the stars of other

days and makes his time stand out against that of the present.

Football fans will never tire of recalling the prowess of Jimmy Beardon, John Y. Patrick and the Brockmeyer brothers.

Beardon still holds the record for kicking goals from the field. Seven of them dropped over the bar in one game. This excited the famous Pat O'Dea's record.

Patrick and the Brockmeyers were the greatest halfbacks in the West in their day. Many a long, sinuous run made by them, with but a minute or two to go, won a game that seemed to be lost.

Then there were the Dillons, Jack, Billy, Dan and Paul.

When shall we look upon their like again?

George Burleigh also ranked with the giants of those days—the Hestons, Heffelfingers, Weekes, Thorps, Chadwicks, Poes, McCormicks, Bulls, Hudsons, Metoxens, Hink-cys, Cayous and Cochems.

Then who can ever forget that team that ran riot through the giants of those days—the Hestons, Heffelfingers, Weekes, Thorps, Chadwicks, Poes, McCormicks, Bulls, Hudsons, Metoxens, Hink-cys, Cayous and Cochems.

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Acker, the incomparable halfback; Jack Schneider, who, with Robinson, almost unaided, beat the greatest teams in the West, with the forward pass.

Dave Lamb and Archibald Lowe were also members of this unbeatable team.

Then there were Spencer Thomas, Rodenberg, Krause and H. Castlen, stars of other days.

That great team that included Acker, Robinson and Schneider, was the wonder of the year.

Nebraska had beaten Colorado 8 to 6, South Dakota 29 to 9, Grinnell 24 to 4, lost to Minnesota 5 to 8 on



Tony Stadther, Washington State.

A huick, beaten Ames 19 to 2, Kansas 16 to 8 and Denver 62 to 6.

It was a crisp and ideal day when the Cornhuskers lined up against the greatest exponents of the forward pass in the history of football.

At the end of that Thanksgiving Day Nebraska had been humiliated, 38 to 0.

That same scoring machine defeated Carroll College 22 to 0, Lawrence University 6 to 0, St. John's Military 27 to 0, Marquette College 59 to 0, St. Charles Military 33 to 0, Missouri Normal 59 to 0, Rolla School of Mines, 71 to 0, Kansas 34 to 2, Kansas Medical 34 to 0, Deak University 32 to 3, and Iowa University 24 to 0.

The like of that eleven we will never see again.

him in his untrained state and puts him at some irresponsible mechanical task for a year or two, until he has picked up a certain notion of what business is like and a certain degree of responsibility.

By the time he is about 18, he is given a real job with some responsibility and some outlook. The school, in short, drops him into a sort of no-man's land. For three or four years he is neither student nor earner.

During these years he should be at some college or university. His mind and body are both being trained for the conflict with the world.

Competition and part in the pastimes of his alma mater bring him

into contact with real, virile, vigorous beings. Men who are right, mentally and physically.

All honor to the classics and to the type of education for which they stand. Glory to the law, medical and engineering branches.

These courses have helped to give the nation its literature, its institutions, its laws.

We still need them. There is not the slightest danger that they will pass; but we need something more.

We need men who are physically trained as well as mental prodigies. Men of this character are moulded and made on football fields.

The World's Best Seller.

There is ample evidence to prove that the Bible is not "the best seller" in at least the most widely circulated of books. Discounting the higher criticism and the fact that no respectable household is supposed to permit itself to be without a copy, however seldom it may be opened, the American Bible Society issued 258,409 more Bibles in 1912 than in 1911. Its issues last year, in all countries and in many languages were 4,949,610, and it offers Bibles and parts of Bibles in eighty-three languages and dialects in the United States alone. Even the Zulus may read the Bible in their own tongue.

The American Bible Society is preparing to celebrate its centennial. It was born in 1815. The first year of its existence it put forth 6,410 Bibles, its total receipts being \$27,779. Growth has been slow but steady, until last year it almost touched the five-million mark and had \$929,200 available for its regular work. Before its centennial year it will undoubtedly have printed 100,000,000 copies.

The awakening of China accounts for the circulation of 1,358,000 Bibles and parts of Scripture. Japan took 122,000; Turkey and the Balkans, 157,000; and Little Corea, among the most recent of nations to be opened to Christianity, circulated 72,000. Mexico, where the people have more use for bull fights than Bibles, is lowest in the enumeration, but managed, after all, to take 19,000 copies.



Eichenlaub, Notre Dame.

note the opinions of several well known people.

Game Is Not Dangerous Prominent Stars Think.

Harry Lindsay, the former Dartmouth star, who is now an attorney, says: "I do not consider football a dangerous game. The game as now played is rough but not dangerous."

Luke Kelly of the Notre Dame eleven, that scored the famous victory over Michigan, is now coaching the Christian Brothers' College team at St. Louis.

In Kelly's opinion football is a vigorous game. It is not brown and

Johnny Magner, Georgetown U.

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